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THE SAILOR's FROLICK;

OR,

A Trip to Covent-Garden.

A POEM on FACTS.

By JOHN PENDRED.

Veni, vidi, vici.

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JACK the Sailor Dancing a HORNPIPE.

To the READER.

WAS I to tell my hero's Birth,
O you would be of little Worth;
That he's a Sailor let it suffice,
And a Tale I'll tell you in a Trice:
Which though perhaps may strange appear,
'Tis true as gospel I declare.

The

The SAILOR's Frolick, &c.

THE Tenth of May, Year Seventy-four,
If truth and I do both agree,
Jack being got to London Port,
Reſolv'd to viſit Venus Court;
And having then a Twelvemonth's Pay,
Dreſt himſelf in neat Array
Which I'll deſcribe firſt unto you ——
His Jacket was of Pruſſian Blue,
And under it a Waiſtcoat red,
With gold-lac'd Hat upon his head:
His Shirt was fine, although of check,
Hankerchief Silk which bound his Neck:
His Buckles broad, of Silver bright,
Fix'd in his Pumps quite cloſe and tight:
His Stockings white, his Face not ſo,
For that was ſwarthy brown I trow,
His Trowſers reach'd below the Knee,
As for his Breeches you could not ſee;
But if you'd know their colour too,
They were indeed of Purple Hue;
Another thing from Sight lay hid,
He in his Mouth conceal'd a Quid;
His curling Locks, like hat were black,
And twined an Arm a Souple-Jack.
His Pockets lined, all things fitting,
Wind and Weather then permitting;
He rigged then in Naval Geers,
To make the Garden ſtraight he ſteers;
But Ludgate hill he ſcarce had paſs'd,
Before of Whores he ſaw a Crowd;

Who seeing Jack so tight and trim,
With eager haste made up to him:
"What Ship says one, and whither bound,
"In Wind and Limb you seem quite sound;
"And if a Girl you want that's kind,
"I can please you unto your mind.
"No no, (quoth Jack) you treat in vain,
"I am a Lad just from the Main,
"And to the Garden quick must hie,
"Of sport to taste variety.
When she sheer'd off the rest all came
And each to him confessed their flame:
If I may say it,—Upon my word,
They were like flies about a T——d.
"Avast said Jack do not teize me
"Neither of you all can please me;
"So loose your hold or by great Mars,
"You'll meeta Treatment due from Tars;
"'Tis well known we're rough and hardy,
"And to fight are never tardy:
"If used well I am as civil
"Otherwise the very Devil,
With his threats he them defeated
For from him they soon retreated;
When Jack again pursued his Course
To the Garden of b'iss his sourse
Along Fleet-street up the Bar,
Those creatures did perplex our Tar;
And ere he Temple had shot
And to Butcher-Row had got,
A flashy dame came athwart him,
And by his arm instant caught him;
"My Dear said she, why in such haste?
"Come, you and I some wine must taste.
"Hold, hold, said Jack, you flashy ma'm,

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" I'll have no wine ſo looſe my arm:
" Again I ſay avaſt hawling
" Or from me you'll have a mauling;
" Your face and dreſs don't both agree
" It's the uglieſt Phiz I e'er did ſee.
Then quickly from this hawſer broke,
Her words could not his ſtay invoke
Along the Strand purſu'd his way,
Up Cath'rine-ſtreet, and made no ſtay;
Though Wh—res theſe places did infeſt,
Not one of them did him moleſt;
But ſafely reach'd his deſtin'd port,
Covent-Garden or Venus court;
Where he behold a frigate light,
That ſeem'd to him a beauty bright,
For all the while that ſhe was going
The Wind had ſet her colours flowing
She was ſo quick and prime a ſailer,
That Jack was forc'd thus to hail her:
" Lower your ſails pretty Maiden
" Deep and richly I am laden,
" Under which I can make no way
" So under Convoy take me pray.
Deaf to his Cries away ſhe bore,
Jack crouded ſail to reach the wh—re,
He chaſed her from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Till ſhe at length join'd in a fleet,
Her rendesvous in Ruſſel-ſtreet*
Where were Harlo s, bright as Phœbus,
Upon Men's knees drinking Negus.
With great ſurpriſe Jack look'd about,
And ſhortly tow'd his frigate out
And having now this paſſed her
He martially thus addreſſed her:

Covent-Garden

'Tis

" O Venus fair I'm on a cruize
" 'Tis you my dear to kiss I'd chuse
" For I would give a guinea bright:
" Alongside you to lie all Night,
" Should you think I have no money,
" This purse is full of gold my honey.
No sooner he his gold did flash,
But she her Arm to his did lash,
And being thus together spliced,
She to her lodgings *him enticed,
Where she aloud for wine did call,
When which was drunk for more did bawl
With bumpers full she Jack supply'd,
Unto this keel went all aside,
And his body in a motion,
Like his ship when on the ocean;
Her serving thus the sailor bold,
Was to fleece him of his gold.
The hour of twelve now being come,
" My dear quoth she as we're at home,
" To-bed let us together jog,——
" Avast said jack we'll have more Grog,
Then she gave him some mull'd claret,
Knowing well his head cou'd'nt bear it,
And that it would in a great measure,
Be the means to get his treasure:
The most of which our Hero shar'd,——
Much drinking she at that time spar'd
As the Business she had to do
Requir'd Judgment for to get through.
Fumes of the Grapes all in a Crack,
Operated upon poor Jack,
Who went into a Reverie;
The Jade then sitting on his knee,
Her head upon his breast reclin'd,
And her left Arm his Neck entwin'd,

Whilſt her other ſhe did apply
To his Pocket to fiſh his ſly,
Of which ſhe ſack'd ten guineas bright,
And then did leave him without light,
By himſelf in the Chair to ſneeſe,
Like to a Nun that is recluſe;
For all was huſh and gone to reſt,
Except this Jade who I proteſt,
Conceal'd herſelf in a large cheſt,
Thinking ſhe ſhould, by break of Day,
Find out ſome means to ſteal away:
But preſently poor Jack awoke,
And to himſelf thus ynawning ſpoke—
" He'gh-ho! all dark? and my Girl gone?
" Solus cum ſole and all forlorn?
" What ſhall I do?—I cannot ſleep:
" To loſe my Girl faith I could weep:
" Sure ſhe's not gone and left me thus,
" Without Good bye or parting buſs?
" I'll grope about, perchance I may
" Run foul of her if in the Way—
Jack about the Room went creeping,
Thinking he ſhould find her ſleeping
But on his ſearch he miſs'd the road,
And got into the maid's abode:
Who hearing him aloud did ſhriek
And trembling lay but did not ſpeak:
Jack undaunted further enter'd,
And into bed boldly ventured;
" Stay cloſe (ſaid Jack) give us more ſheet,
He thought it was his charmer ſweet);
When out ſhe jump'd put on her cloaths,
And inſtantly down ſtairs ſhe goes,
In order for to get her a light,
To ſee whom it was gave her affright:

On

On her return she saw poor Jack
In bed a sleep upon his back:
She gave his Noddle such a shaking,
That him she was not long awaking;
Jack bounced up in great surprise;
" What's the matter my Heart, he cries,
" Where's the mistress reply'd the maid;
" You have her murder'd I'm afraid:
" For I have search'd the Room all round,
" And in the House she can't be found,
" Indeed quoth Jack I do declare
" She left me sitting on the chair,
" Whilst Morpheus took me to his care.
Then for a constable she sends,
To have him seiz'd was her intent;
When Jack he saw him crav'd his name,
Which did with his appear the same;
And when they traced each pedigree,
FATHER and SON they proved to be,
For Jack was young when sent to sea
With joy Tears trikled down each face,
And raptrously they did embrace,
It happended now Jack missed his gold,
And at the maid did rave and scold;
Who declared upon her honour,
That no such sum was upon her,
Then the mistress went in quest,
And when they came close to the chest,
Jack luckily tossed up the lid
And in the chest they found her hid:
She had no excuse, the fact was plain,
So gave to Jack his gold again;
Who in return applied his Jack
Smartly about the strumpets Back,
Then tacked about and bore away,
To spend in mirth all the next Day.

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